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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

A Residence at the Court of London, comprising Incidents, Official and Personal, from 1819 to 1825, &c. By Richard Rush, Envoy Extraordinary from America. Second Series. 2 vols. 8vo. London, R. Bentley.

In 1833, twelve years ago, the first series of these entertaining and interesting memoranda appeared; and, coming from such a source, were so favourably received, that we have long wondered at the abstinence which had prevented their being more rapidly followed out. Both for their political and social matter they belong to a class of reading which it is very desirable to cultivate. In the complexion of his mind the author is so moderate and just, that his international statements are worthy of perfect credit; whilst the position he occupied gave him such opportunities of mixing with the best-informed portions of society, that his descriptions and anecdotes of them are of a most agreeable kind. Thus qualified by a sound understanding, an acuteness of observation, and a temper disposed to pour oil on every troubled water, we have received much gratification from the perusal of these two volumes, a part of which we shall now endeavour to communicate. And in so doing, we shall presume that the personal and miscellaneous matters will be more acceptable than accounts of negotiations and treaties, and address ourselves chiefly to them.

A visit paid by the American minister to Weeks' Mechanical Museum in 1819 is connected with the following curious prophetic anecdote:

"The proprietor said that his collection in clocks alone was of the value of thirty thousand pounds sterling. His entire collection he valued at four hundred thousand pounds. It was prepared for the Chinese market, where such articles would be in demand at the prices he put upon them; so he confidently said, though valuing some of his birds at a thousand guineas a-piece. He said that the government of China would not permit the English to have intercourse with them for such purposes, and seemed to be in present despair; but he added, that 'one of these days England will oblige China to receive her wares, by making her feel the strong arm of her power.' * * * What the proprietor said about the trade between England and China, I copy precisely as I wrote down his words nearly five-and-twenty years ago; and it would seem as if he had spoken in a prophetic spirit. He himself is in all probability no longer among the living, for he told us that he was seventy-six years old; but if he left descendants, he may have indulged in the same prediction to them as to me; and if the collection came to their hands, a market for it in China may give them at last the benefit of their ancestor's ingenuity in so curious a line of British art. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, in his retirement, had, among his other pastimes, puppets that moved like men; but it is not added, I believe, that they could play on musical instruments, like Mr. Weeks's."

In the habit of dining and mingling with the principal persons of the day, Mr. Rush relates

many of their sayings; of which the annexed are examples well deserving to be remembered.

At Mr. Ingilis's (now Sir R. H. I.) he remarks:

"The evening was rich in topics, in which all took part as the wine went round, or rather as it seemed forgotten. Johnson's life and character were among them; and I might have been surprised to learn that Mr. Wilberforce knew nothing of Johnson personally, although they were contemporary, if I had not remarked since being in England, how separate as a class their public and parliamentary men, however literary, as well as private persons who are literary, are from the class of authors. The cause becomes obvious when you get a close view of the multiplied subdivisions of society in London. English statesmen and orators, and men of literary attainments in that large class where permanent fortunes are possessed, pursue literature as an accomplishment. To some of the former, it is the necessary auxiliary of public life; strength alone, in the vast competition of strong minds, not being sufficient without something to give it polish. To the mere men of fortune, literature becomes, very largely, the needful ornament of private life, so many persons having permanent wealth, that it disappears, as a title by itself, to distinction; whilst the professional author pursues literature as a profession. A more marked illustration of the separation of the two classes could not easily be selected perhaps, than that such a man as Mr. Wilberforce should never have met Dr. Johnson, both being social in their habits. Johnson, it is true, being in advanced life, (though he was still in full fame, writing his *Lives of the Poets*), and Wilberforce in early life; at which epoch to each it was that they were contemporaries. Their political creed was also much the same. There is doubtless more of approximation now between these two classes in England than in Johnson's time, and prior to his time. Their still nearer approach might improve authors in their intercourse with the world, and strengthen literature and science in the circles of influence and power; each class lending aid to the other, as in all intercourse among the enlightened."

At a diplomatic dinner at Lord Castlereagh's, —of whom Mr. Rush speaks always in the most handsome manner, eulogising alike his courtesy, his straightforwardness, his liberality, and his love of peace,—we are told:

"Baron Just inquired of me for Mr. Adams, whom he had known well, and of whom he spoke highly. He said, that he knew the politics of all Europe. He described his letter to our minister at Madrid, on the cases of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, as one of great ability; and asked, whether, after that transaction, followed up by adding the Floridas to our dominion, I did not suppose England would be likely to aim at obtaining Cuba from Spain, if she had not already, of which there were strong rumours? This question was in a tone not to carry it beyond my ear. Mr. Onis sat on the left of Baron Just, and I said to the latter that I would be happy if he would make that inquiry of his neighbour, and favour me with the result! The

baron did—carrying it off well. Mr. Onis said, just loud enough for me to hear, 'The American minister may feel easy: Spain has not ceded Cuba to England, and does not mean to;' an item of information which, however informally derived, it may be imagined the American minister imparted to his government in due time afterwards. And now I will allude to an incident which also couples itself with the 'American minister,' yet in a light so truly national, that he must not drop it from this day's memorandum. After the principal courses were over, and the single toast had been given by Lord Castlereagh, viz. 'His Royal Highness the Prince Regent,' without further word, the company all rising in due form as he gave it, conversation opened between his lordship and Baron Fagel on the state of tranquillity which now reigned in Europe. It was remarked by them, how happily it contrasted with the bloody wars which had so recently raged; and how interesting was the spectacle of beholding ambassadors and ministers from all Europe assembled in amity and peace at that table, instead of being engaged in the work of counteracting each other, as all had so lately been doing, in hostile camps and cabinets. Sitting next to Baron Fagel, the opportunity was afforded me of sharing a little in this conversation. At its point of chief interest, Lord Castlereagh, bending forward so as to give me his voice, said, 'Yes, and may the happy tranquillity we are speaking of, long continue! Europe requires repose; each state has had enough of war, and enough of glory, and ought to be content.' Here he paused an instant, but resuming, he proceeded, 'and you too, you of America, Mr. Rush, ought also to be satisfied; you left off very well, and ought to wish for nothing but a continuance of peace.' I felt this delicately conveyed compliment to my country. He knew that our war with Britain had terminated in victory on our side, by sea and land. I could not fail to perceive that the compliment passed in under-tones along the table, the side at least on which I was, though heard at first only by the few near Lord Castlereagh. Acceptable to me, it bespoke conscious patriotism in him. He felt that Britain's ample renown in arms could spare the compliment to the free and martial race she founded in America; therefore, with the many grace belonging to him, he uttered it, the representatives of the crowned heads of Europe sitting by as his guests. It was high official courtesy, and I record it with as much pleasure as I experienced it."

Other statesmen are introduced in the following quotation:

"Conversed half an hour with Lord Liverpool and Lord Harrowby; with the latter on Gibbon's style, and with both about Bonaparte. Neither of them admired his character. They spoke as British statesmen who had been long opposed to him; nor did I think that they said too much of his inordinate ambition. Taking all his career into view, they agreed, that wanton cruelty could not be made out agains him."

At the Duke of Wellington's, of whom there are a number of very characteristic traits, we find:

"Amongst names brought up was that of the Archduke Charles of Austria. General Harper spoke favourably of him, though with guards to leave room for the duke's opinion. The duke took up the commendation of him decidedly. As regarded military science, he said that he probably had more than any general in Europe; there were reasons why he had not succeeded against Bonaparte as fully as he otherwise would have done; one perhaps was, from overrating him; but it was chiefly from being subject to fits, which were apt to come upon him after he had been fighting a few hours. His powers then failed him—great as they otherwise were. It was to this effect he spoke of him. Of the virtuous character and good intentions of the Emperor of Austria he spoke in the highest terms."

In a future page the same subject is again touched upon:

"The Archduke Charles of Austria being spoken of, the duke repeated in effect what I had heard him say to my distinguished countryman, General Harper, of Maryland, namely, that he probably had more military science than any of the generals of Europe contemporary with him. The conversation proceeding, the duke remarked, in this connexion, that a general might stand too much upon the rules of science while an engagement was going on; there could not be too much attention to them in all his arrangements beforehand, he said; but the battle once begun, 'the main thing to think of was hard fighting.'

Farther we hear:

"I sat next to the Duke of Wellington, and had much conversation with him, the dinner lasting a good while, and being too large for general conversation. He spoke of parts of the war in the Peninsula, in ways greatly to interest me. He also adverted to the designs of France upon Buenos Ayres, as imputed, which he hoped might not be true; if true, they would shew an intrigue, he said, which England would not like, and not belonging to the age, which had 'excluded double-dealing from public affairs.' I give his emphatic words. The member of the Bourbon family whom it was said France desired to put on a throne at Buenos Ayres, the documents stated to be the Prince of Lucca, nephew to the King of Spain."

The following refer to the same extraordinary man:

"Until this occasion, I was under an impression that the Duke of Wellington never was wounded; but Sir George Walker said, that not long after the storming of Badajos, he was struck by a random musket-ball in the side, in an affair with the French on the borders of France. It was merely a slight wound, and dressed on the spot. The duke on receiving it exclaimed, 'Hit at last!' and seemed much pleased."

Of the same order of amusing gossip, we select a few other illustrations, and with them conclude what we have to do with Mr. Rush's first volume:

"It was mentioned, that two of the servants of the Persian ambassador having offended him lately in London, he applied to the British government for permission to cut off their heads. On learning that it could not be granted, he gravely remonstrated! In the sequel, he was ill able to comprehend how the laws of England could deny his request. Finding, however, that his hands were tied up, he told his servants, 'it was all one; they must consider their heads as being off, for off they would come when he got them back to Persia!'"

"It has been remarked quaintly, as illus-

trating the difficulty of framing penal statutes which could not be evaded in England, that the only statute out of which the subject could not creep, was the old one for burying in woolen. It is a hard task to execute laws where public opinion is against them."

Of Mr. Coke (Earl of Leicester), whose hospitalities he enjoyed at one of his famed sheep-shearings, he says:

"He is all cordiality and good spirits. His conversation is of England, English persons, and English things. He told anecdotes—some of the royal family. There was this of the late queen: that on the evening after the duel between the Duke of York and Duke of Richmond, then Colonel Lennox, the queen met the latter in one of the court circles, and was more than usually gracious, offering her hand as she first addressed him. He told some of the Prince Regent, who used to be his guest at Holkham, when Prince of Wales. Speaking of the nobility, he said, that of the eighteen dukes in the three kingdoms, nine were on the ministerial side, and nine in opposition; he enumerated the latter, most of whom were his friends; and added, that two of the royal dukes, the Duke of Kent and Duke of Sussex, usually voted also with the opposition. Speaking of the *taxes*, he said, that himself and others of his county, whom he named (opulent landholders), had resolved that they would pay no more; that is, if they were taxed higher in some things, they would retrench their consumption in others, so as to keep at the point where they stood. How Mr. Coke would have reconciled retrenchment anywhere, with all his munificent and long-indulged hospitalities, was not for me to inquire. The Duke of Medina Celi, in Spain, once finding his expenses too great, determined on retrenchment. Calling up his butler, chamberlain, esquire, and all others, he desired to know what could be dispensed with: and, upon receiving reports from all, it was ascertained that the only item which could possibly be struck from the annual expenses, consistently with the comforts and dignity of his household, was *one lamp* in the hall! Would the noble-hearted proprietor of Holkham, whom I am proud to have called my friend, have retrenched after that fashion?"

At Mr. West's funeral,* the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir W. Scott, and General Phipps, were in the same carriage with Mr. Rush:

"The slow pace of the procession (he says), until we arrived at the cathedral, was favourable to quiet conversation. The crowd along the Strand, and on passing Temple-Bar, was very great. The appearance of the streets served to call up historical recollections; as when Charles II. passed along the same streets, thronged with multitudes, at the restoration, and when the French king was led through them, as the captive of Edward III. Sir William Scott, who recalled these things, alluded also to the famous fracas which took place in this line of street a couple of centuries ago, between the retinue of the Spanish and French ambassadors, on a struggle for precedence, when the traces of the carriages of the latter were cut by the servants of the former—an incident familiar to diplomatic literature. On the late revolution in Spain favourable to the constitution of 1812 being spoken of, General Phipps remarked, that it had moved along with great tranquillity. Sir William Scott, pausing moment, replied, 'As yet.' The classical brevity of this great civilian is known. I found

* George III. allowed Mr. West a thousand pounds sterling a year, and had paid him forty thousand pounds for the encouragement of the fine arts."

that both he and Lord Aberdeen had been reading Mr. Walsh's book. They said that it contained much information. Sir William asked what pursuit Mr. Walsh was engaged in. I said, 'None, that I know of; being, I believe, in easy circumstances.' As the cathedral came in full view, he remarked, that he understood that the edifices in England which made most impression upon Americans were the Gothic, as we had none in the United States—none, at least, that were ancient. I replied, that such was probably the case. He then remarked, that although we had no antiquities among us, we had a long race to run, which he hoped would prove fortunate. I said that we were proud of the stock we came from; on which Lord Aberdeen threw in the courteous quotation, *Matre pulchra filia pulchrior*. *

"The authorship of Junius (at a dinner-party at Mr. Canning's) became a topic, the death of George III. having occasionally revived it. Most of the company held the belief, or inclined to it, that Sir Philip Francis was the man. I observed that Sir William Scott did not join in this opinion, but expressed no open dissent. It seemed with him, *Curia adversa vult*. He remarked, that it was no new thing in English literature for the author of a celebrated work to remain unknown; this was still the case with the book entitled 'The Whole Duty of Man,' written in the time of Charles I. Mr. Canning related an anecdote pertinent to the topic, derived from the present king when Prince of Wales. It was to the following effect:—the late king was in the habit of going to the theatre once a week at the time Junius's Letters were appearing, and had a page in his service of the name of Ramus. This page always brought the play-bill in to the king, at tea-time, on the evenings when he went. On the evening before Sir Philip Francis sailed for India, Ramus handed to the king, at the same time when delivering the play-bill, a note from Garrick to Ramus, in which the former stated that there would be no more letters from Junius. This was found to be the very night on which Junius addressed his laconic note to Garrick, threatening him with vengeance. Sir Philip did embark for India the next morning; and, in point of fact, the letters ceased to appear from that day. The anecdote added, that there lived with Sir Philip at the time, a relation of Ramus's, who sailed in the morning with him. The whole narrative excited much attention, and was new to most of the company. The first impression it made was, not only that it went far towards shewing, by proof almost direct, that Sir Philip Francis was the author, but that Garrick must have been in the secret."

Notwithstanding this, we fancy the claim of Francis has since gone down, and is now generally disallowed. Mr. Thomas Grenville, we presume, could solve the question, though he might not be able to name the unknown author of "The Whole Duty of Man."

The queen's trial occupies the later pages of this volume; and the following observations growing out of it are very characteristic of the lively ex-chancellor who made them:—

"Dined at Mr. Coutts Trotter's, at his villa, Barnsley, three miles from town, where we had Lord Erskine, Sir Edmund Antrobus, Mr. Planta, Captain Lindsay, and the ladies of Mr. Trotter's family, my wife being also of the party. Lord Erskine did us the favour to take a seat in my carriage. On the way out he was full of sprightliness. Always straightforward and powerful at the bar and in parliament, this distinguished peer indulges in eccentricities in

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conversation. 'England,' said he, 'is a black-guard country.' 'A great country,' I rejoined. 'Yes,' said he, 'a great blackguard country; a boxing, fighting country; and don't you call that blackguard?' I said that he jumped to his conclusions faster than I could follow. 'Ay,' said he, 'you are accredited to the king; but for all that, the king has been constantly fighting with Providence; Providence gave him high endowments, with a fine person, and had been trying to make him the head of a great and glorious people; but the king had been for ever battling with him, and at the end of about the thirteenth round, with the advantage of good bottle-holders, he had now fairly beaten Providence off the ground.' Here he was alluding to the case of the queen, whose cause his lordship had defended stoutly. Continuing this lively strain, he said that he had received many letters from the king in the course of his life, and that nothing would now gratify him so much as an audience of half an hour with his majesty, provided he would suffer him to talk to him as he formerly did—as a friend; otherwise, he would make his bow after the first salutation; but he humbly thought he could render him so popular, that he might dismiss his royal stud of horses, and trust to his people in all parts of the kingdom to draw his carriages wherever he wanted to go. When we got to Mr. Trotter's, his lordship kept up his sprightly vein at table. He gave us an account of his country-seat at Hampstead, where Burke used to visit him. 'I believe,' said Mr. Trotter, 'the soil is not the best in that part of Hampstead where your seat is.' 'No, very bad,' he replied; 'for although my grandfather was buried there an earl near a hundred years ago, what has sprouted up from it since but a mere baron?' He alluded to his own title. He mentioned a fact, however, going to shew that, although the soil yielded no increase in titles of nobility, it did in other things; for in his description he referred to a chestnut-tree upon it, which, when he first went to live there, his gardener bought at a nursery garden for sixpence, and that it now yielded him thirty pounds a-year. Conversation like this, and more from him on other subjects, was intermingled with good contributions from the rest of the company. His lordship returned with us in our carriage with no diminution of his sprightliness.'

The Sportsman in Canada. By Fred. Tolfrey, Author of "The Sportsman in France." 2 vols. Newby.

By far the largest proportion of these volumes is fitter for the punch-bowl colloquy than the press type. Fishing and shooting exploits, private theatricals, horse-races, military frolics, fun-poking, and jollifications thirty years ago, whether at home or in another country, furnish good subject and anecdote for social converse (if not too prosy nor too often told), but have hardly interest enough for publication. Nevertheless, as Mr. Tolfrey is a lively sketcher, some of his descriptions and incidents may find favour in the sight of brother-sportsmen by flood or field; and amuse the casual reader, who takes a chance glimpse at his lucubrations, which are to a certain degree recommended by his own earnestness, extending even to the most trivial circumstances.

From his account we learn that the fishing in Canada is better than the shooting; though in the way of snipes there is a superabundance of practice. The following notice in relation to the former pursuit may be quoted as pecu-

liar to the locality, *i.e.* the rapids between the Jacques Cartier river and the St. Lawrence.

"Having done ample justice to some cold ribs of roasted beef and a pigeon-pie, washed down by some of Hodgson's pale ale and a glass of cold without, we began to think of starting for the field of action, and I was busily engaged in filling my pockets with the requisite paraphernalia, when my attention was arrested by seeing the major employed in stirring up some hog's-lard and turpentine in a little pewter bowl. I found upon inquiry that this savoury mixture was being concocted for the purpose of anointing our faces and hands to ward off the attacks of mosquitoes and a little bloodthirsty black fly, which assail with their infernal proboscis the inexperienced Johnny Newcome, who, on his first excursion to the banks of a Canadian river, is sucked nearly dry by these merciless invaders on the comfort and repose of man. The major, ever alive to his own peaceful enjoyment and the happiness of his friends, had discovered the virtues of the nostrum he was preparing for us. It must be admitted that a thick layer of hog's-lard and turpentine is not the sweetest cosmetic to apply to the countenance. * * * The cosmetic having been skilfully prepared, our faces, necks, and hands, even above the wrists, were bountifully anointed; and over the head, ears, and throat, a handkerchief cunningly tied, to prevent the merciless attacks of our winged foes. This operation created no little fun and merriment; and I am certain four such Guys never sallied forth on a fishing-expedition."

In his vivacity the author is apt to appropriate from a preceding writer of some celebrity—a Mr. Miller; for, he says,—

"I remember a fair damsel, a daughter of one of the principal merchants, asking me at a farewell ball given prior to the departure of the fleet, 'Whether London was not very dull when the China ships sailed?' Thus it is in all colonies: matters of but little moment to us 'gentlemen of England who live at home at ease' interest those of our countrymen as well as the natives whose sphere of action is confined to local incidents."

A just reflection, which escaped the original; but we leave the moral science for natural history. An English bull-dog, of the feminine gender, was matched against a huge travelling Yankee bear, and completely discomfited in the encounter, being so "severely handled and cruelly punished by Bruin, that she came off with a broken leg and two fractured ribs. She was instantly removed from the scene of action and consigned to the hands of the doctor, who was no less a personage than an assistant-surgeon of the Royal Artillery, rejoicing in the name of Quigley, and with whom the old bitch was a great favourite: the wounded animal's leg and ribs were instantly set; the former swaddled in splints with Christian-like care; Madame Nettle was supplied with a comfortable bed at the doctor's quarters, and left to lap her sick broth, while we returned to the barracks to regale ourselves with more solid fare at the hospitable mess-table of the 19th Light Dragoons. But mark the sequel, and the almost incredible game of the crippled animal. We were sipping our claret about the tenth hour when we were called from the mess-room by an artillerist, who had run from the fort to the cavalry barracks to inform us that old Nettle had escaped unperceived from the doctor's quarters, and had been chased by the 'bear-leader,' bludgeon in hand, vowing vengeance against the 'tarnation howdacious hanimal.' Upon seeking the Yan-

kee, we found that the bitch, to avenge her wrongs, and the unfair attack she had been subjected to in the morning, had leaped from Dr. Quigley's window, some feet from the ground, and, notwithstanding her broken leg and ribs, had hobbled on her three remaining serviceable pins to the bear's cage or den outside the fort, and had attacked him by herself and choked him—for the bear was found dead by its discomfited and enraged owner, who would most decidedly have destroyed her had not her master's 'bat-man,' and one or two of the gunners and drivers, rescued her from the Yankee's fury. This is one of the most remarkable instances of indomitable courage in a bull-dog I ever met, and occurred exactly as I have related the circumstances. Before her owner left Canada, he gave Nell to Captain Jebb, of the Engineers, and I believe Nettle, or Rose, as she was afterwards called, breathed her last at the seat of his forefathers in Derbyshire. I was fortunate enough to have a bitch pup from this courageous animal, got by a dog of Col. Cockburn's, our deputy quarter-master general. The young-un was the handsomest and best I ever saw; and as a proof that the breed was not deteriorated by the cross, she ate her own ears when being cropped! The father of this pup had been given to Col. Cockburn by 'ould Tom Crib,' and was of course 'nothing but a good-un.'"

As this is the most extraordinary piece of intelligence in the book, we shall not impair its force by further quotation. There is a painfully interesting account of the death of the Duke of Richmond, from hydrophobia; but as for the rest, we agree with Mr. Tolfrey, that "a detailed account of the running would not interest my readers, seeing that a quarter of a century or more has passed away since our 'terrible high-bred cattle' distinguished themselves on the celebrated plain where the immortal Wolfe fell in the hour of victory;" and the observation applies with equal truth to at least four-fifths of the contents of the publication.

The Fall of Napoleon; an Historical Memoir. By Lieut.-Col. J. Mitchell, H.-P., author of the "Life of Wallenstein," &c. 3 vols. London, G. W. Nickisson.

History of the War in 1815. By Captain W. Siborne. T. and W. Boone.

AFTER our review of Captain Siborne's publication a few weeks since (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1474), we paused upon the second volume in order that we might notice it at a nearer date of the anniversary of that glorious day, the 18th of June, to which its demonstrations are prominently devoted. It is now within four days of its 30th recurrence; when the illustrious chief will once more re-assemble those whom God has spared of his gallant companions around him at Apsley House; and we feel in writing even these few unimportant lines coincidentally with such an occasion.

But, since the period of our first notice, the work at the head of this paper has also appeared, and thrown further light upon many of the actions of the great Napoleon. The ability of Lieut.-Col. Mitchell is well-known through his works already before the public; and his skilful discussion of warlike operations and military tactics have especially attracted much attention among the most competent judges. When we say, then, that he severely criticises some of the most famous battles of Bonaparte, and denies to him the possession of that perfect genius which has been almost by common consent, from concurrent causes, assigned to him, we are indicating the nature of a book which,

whether assented to or controverted, must merit a very large share of public consideration. The author often questions the wisdom of the emperor's grand manoeuvres; alleges errors of conduct of most injurious tendency, and sometimes imputes inactivity, supineness, and consequent loss of time and opportunity, never to be recalled,—which, in one of the instances, is strikingly corroborated by Captain Siborne's account of Napoleon's tardy proceedings after the battle of Quatre Bras.

But the Russian campaign, the lull of fatal security at Moscow, and the retreat of unexampled disaster and ruin, are brought still more distinctly forward in support of the opinions held by the writer in disparagement of the matchless and heroic character in which the extraordinary ruler of France has been so tenaciously and loudly represented. But the colonel goes yet farther, and develops a number of the scenic effects which were resorted to in aid of the mighty Bonaparte's play; and these he paints as pieces of charlatany quite unworthy of a truly great man. As we cannot be expected to enter into these discussions, we must leave the gallant Sabertash of the magazines to be consulted in these highly Conservative volumes, and with a single extract endeavour to confirm the sketch we have given of the nature of his work.

"That manners and public morality improved under the imperial régime, and were far superior under Napoleon to what they were under the Convention and Directory, is very certain; and full credit may be given him for the change, though arising probably from the general good feeling of the people, anxious to escape from the profligacy which had distinguished the republican governments. But those who extol the elegant manners displayed, and strict propriety of conduct observed, at the imperial court, forget how much their statements are at variance with the pernicious example shewn by the highest persons in the empire: for few will believe in this virtue and elegance who recollect that the sovereign was coarse and rude in the extreme, and that his gallantries were as open and avowed as those of the ladies of his family. It is true that Napoleon, though he frequently indulged in unworthy amours, never allowed a female to exercise the least influence over him; but this seems to have been the result of temperament more than of character: incapable of attachment, he could not be swayed by love; and, too selfish for friendship, he had courtiers and flatterers, bold and determined followers, though not a single friend. Were we to take Capefigue's statement, that 'an agreeable speech never passed Napoleon's lips,' as fully established, it would be needless to inquire farther into the merits of his conversational powers; but others have borne different testimony, and it behoves us, therefore, to give at least an opinion on the result of the conflicting evidence. This will not be favourable to the imperial claims; for the strongest evidence seems to shew that his discourse was in general declamatory, vituperative, and dictatorial; but that his powers of conversation, properly so called, were of a feeble and inferior order. Count Schlitz, who accompanied the hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg to Paris, and was a guest at the palace of Fontainbleau during the autumn of 1807, goes still farther, and tells us, on the authority of the prince and of the arch-chancellor Dalberg, that the emperor's conversation was at times totally unintelligible and devoid of meaning,—a circumstance the German writer finds it difficult to explain, though the cause seems to be as near the sur-

face as possible; for we constantly meet in society men of moderate capacity, who, when wishing to shine, lose themselves in phrases and talk, if we may so express it, beyond the sphere of their intellect. Varnhagen von Ense, by far the ablest of all the writers who have described Napoleon from actual observation, gives us the following account of his appearance, manner, and conversation:—'The long-expected imperial levee was at last announced for the 22d July; and as it was the first after the fire, would, we were told, prove very splendid and magnificent. I had often seen Napoleon at Berlin, and again at Vienna, but always at too great a distance to admit of his appearance making a very distinct impression on my mind. I had also seen him at Prince Schwarzenberg's ball; but associated with the dreadful calamity of that night, the image of the man was to some extent obscured in my recollection. I shall suppose, therefore, that I first beheld him at this levee, where I had a full and fair view of him, with sufficient time for ample observation. The frequent opportunities afterwards afforded me of seeing him at the Tuilleries and St. Cloud, tended only to fortify and perfect the impression then made. We drove to the Tuilleries; and after pressing through a crowd of spectators, guards, and attendants, reached the 'Salle des Ambassadeurs.' The ludicrous and insulting manner in which so many persons of high rank and station were crowded together in this narrow and ill-decorated den, afforded a frequent subject of jests to the Parisians. Rich uniforms and court-dresses squeezed through the throng, which was augmented by servants in the imperial livery calling out refreshments, and endangering the nearest bystanders. In all directions the conversation was loud and noisy; parties sought out acquaintances, and strove to get room and more light. Every thing like calm, dignified, and elegant demeanour was totally wanting; the appearance of the scene was altogether unpleasing; you found yourself ill at ease, and waited in a corresponding humour. At last came the time for our being admitted to the audience, and on the first announcement, all rushed in confusion towards the door: there was a pushing and pressing of neighbours without the least care or attention. Guards, pages, chamberlains, filled the avenues and antechambers; there was everywhere bustling restlessness; the soldiers only acted their part with the quiet calmness that indicated a confidence of knowing what they were about; and this they had learned on the drill-ground, and not at court. After the party had formed a half-circle in the hall of audience, and crowded into several successive lines, the call of 'l'Empereur!' announced the sovereign, and Napoleon entered the apartment. Dressed in a plain blue uniform, and with his small hat under his arm, he advanced heavily towards us. His bearing expressed an inward contest between the wish to attain an object, and a contempt for those from whom it was to be attained. He evidently wished to make a favourable impression, yet seemed hardly to think the necessary effort worth the exertion (for it must have cost exertion), as he verily had not the gift from nature. Attention and inattention were therefore mixed up in his manner, and produced an awkward, restless, and undignified bearing. He first addressed himself to the Austrian embassy, which stood at one extremity of the half-circle; and the unfortunate calamity of the ball gave occasion for some questions and remarks. The emperor wished to appear as if moved by the misfortune, and made use of some words of sympathy; but

this tone did not succeed, and he soon dropped it. Towards the Russian ambassador, Prince Kurakin, he was already less friendly; and in his farther progress, some thought or appearance must have displeased him, for he burst into a violent passion, and attacked a gentleman present in the most unbecoming manner. The person thus fiercely assailed, and who was so humble in station that I cannot even recollect his name, could give no answer capable of appeasing the irritated sovereign. Every reply seemed to augment the imperial displeasure; the emperor constantly demanded new ones, scolded, threatened, and for a long time held the poor man in the most painful situation. The nearest witnesses of this scene declared afterwards, that there was not the slightest cause for this mighty rage, and that his majesty had only sought an opportunity to vent his ill-humour. It was said, indeed, that he often did so on purpose, and assailed some poor wight merely to keep others in awe and secure submission. As he proceeded in his round, he endeavoured to regain his calmness; but his angry mood was still perceptible. He spoke in short, abrupt, and broken sentences; uttered the most indifferent things in a quick tone of passion, and seemed angry even when he wished to please. I have rarely, if ever, heard so rude, harsh, and unpolished a voice as Napoleon's. His eyes were dark, gloomy, and bent downwards, and cast only by occasional sidelong glances on the persons present. His smile extended no farther than the lips, and left brow and eyes gloomy and unmoved. If he attempted to force them into play, as I have sometimes seen him do, it gave his face a still more distorted appearance. His constrained union of smiles and earnestness had in it something extremely repulsive; and I hardly know what to think of those who could find anything engaging, friendly, or pleasing, in his countenance. His features, though certainly handsome, had only the hard and rigid beauty of marble, and seemed incapable of expressing the finer feelings of friendliness and sensibility. What he said was always, often as I heard him speak, feeble and insignificant as well in import as in language: without wit, spirit, or force; not unfrequently, indeed, low and ludicrous. In the 'Notices sur l'Intérieur de la France,' Faber has given some account of the questions asked by the emperor on public occasions, and which have so often been unjustly praised for knowledge and sagacity. I had not then read the book, but found afterwards that it fully confirmed my own observations. His questions frequently resembled the lessons a schoolboy has learned by heart, and repeats over and over again for fear of forgetting them at the proper time and place. This is true to the very letter; and I could mention several instances of it that occasioned a good deal of merriment at the period. The puerile efforts Napoleon made to shine in conversation and in the friendly intercourse of society, were at times absolutely ridiculous: in these attempts he was as unsuccessful as, for our misfortune, he was successful in his political undertakings. In fact, he only loved to say unpleasant and offensive things; and even when he wished to act differently, he never rose above absolute insignificance. And I recollect, that at a party at St. Cloud, he could say nothing better, in speaking to a whole line of ladies, than repeat, for about twenty times, the words, 'Il fait bien chaud,'—'It is very warm.' If he spoke at any length, as indeed he loved to do, he soon lost himself in phrases; crowded facts and arguments fluently

but so confusedly together, that all appearance of clearness and distinctness of ideas soon vanished. True it is, that he never lost sight of his object; but that he attained by his vast power and military talents, and not by his eloquence. The gifts of conversation, oratory, and of a pleasing style and manner in discourse—gifts of which Alexander, Cæsar, and Frederick II. could boast—were foreign to Napoleon, and completely at variance with the nature of his mind, temper, and disposition. Wielding no arms of this description, unable to reply or retort, he was extremely sensitive regarding the speeches of others; and a single jest, song, or witicism, directed against himself, drove him to absolute fury. After the emperor had withdrawn from the levee, all seemed to breathe more freely, as if relieved from some heavy weight. The voices gradually became loud again, the noisy confusion which had preceded the audience soon returned, and on the very stairs we were descending, bursts of laughter were already heard, raised at the expense of the scene we had just witnessed: its dread and dignity had already vanished. Napoleon was powerful at the head of armies, in his military arrangements, and when issuing decrees decisive of the fate of nations. But when he attempted to act in a character that did not, properly speaking, belong to him,—when he attempted to make impressions by his manner and appearance,—to shine in fields that were not his own, he generally placed himself in a very unfavourable light, and rarely imposed on any but the feeble and inexperienced. The recollection entertained of him, and the recreatèd image drawn of him by his survivors, have awakened far more enthusiasm in his favour than his presence ever could have done. Nothing can better illustrate this statement than Napoleon's treatment of Madame de Chevreuse. This lady, one of the ladies of the palace—*Dame du Palais*—was young, lively, and handsome; and, as pretty women occasionally presume on such advantages, a little addicted to railery. She had, however, very red hair; and the emperor, wishing to punish her for some witty remark, and thinking that the obnoxious colour of her ringlets might be a sore point, called attention to it at a party, saying, 'What shocking red hair you have, Madame de Chevreuse.' The lady courtesied deeply, and answered with great quickness,—'I may very possibly have red hair, but your Majesty is the first gentleman who ever told me so.' The speech was too good to escape attention, and Madame de Chevreuse was banished to the distance of forty leagues from Paris! Madame de Staél fared even worse: she had already been exiled under the consulate, and lived in retirement near Lausanne; but was now obliged to quit her tranquil home and seek shelter in England. The beautiful Madame de Racamier was also banished, merely because she was the friend of the witty exile. Thus did the man who could bring myriads of gallant soldiers to the fields, wage an inglorious war against ladies who had only a few clever sayings at command. As we are here speaking of Napoleon's conduct towards ladies, we cannot do better, perhaps, than conclude this chapter by an account of his interview with the Princess Hatzfeld at Berlin,—a trivial incident not in itself worth recording, had it not been celebrated in painting and poetry, and made the foundation of so many ludicrous romances. The advanced guard of the French army had entered Berlin at twelve o'clock on the 24th of October; and on the 27th, Napoleon held his triumphant entry into the city. A deputation

of the municipality, headed by Prince Hatzfeld, the chief commissioner of the province, awaited the conqueror at the Brandenburg gate, for the purpose of presenting him with the keys of the capital. They were not honoured by a look or word; and when they followed to the palace were coldly received, the emperor telling the prince that he had no occasion for his services. On the following morning, Hatzfeld was arrested and conveyed to the main guard; and the princess, informed by a note of what had happened, hastened to the palace to solicit her husband's release. Through the intercession of Duroc she obtained an audience of the emperor, and the following is her account of the interview:—'The moment the door opened, Napoleon came forward to meet her; saying, "You tremble, Madam; come in, I am not so terrible." He then inquired concerning her family, and spoke for more than half an hour on totally indifferent subjects. At last she took an opportunity to mention the object of her visit, when he asked whether she knew the cause of her husband's arrest. On her replying in the negative, he rang the bell, desired Berthier to be called, and demanded the prince's letter. The marshal had no sooner left the apartment than Napoleon taking the letter, presented it to her, saying, "You shall now judge for yourself, madam. If this letter is from your husband, then he is guilty; if it is not from him, he shall receive every satisfaction." On looking at the letter, the princess instantly recognised her husband's writing. "I confess," she said, "that it is my husband's writing; but he is known to be a man of honour, and can have written nothing at variance with that character; and if your majesty will send for him, I am certain that he will be able to justify himself." Napoleon then folding the letter which the princess had returned to him, gave it back to her, saying, "There, take the letter; and I have no proof against your husband: he may go home with you; he is free. And thus ended a farce which, to secure effect, had commenced with all the threatening symptoms of deep tragedy. On the 30th of October the following article appeared in the Berlin papers, both in French and German: the intention being, no doubt, to impress all classes of readers with a high opinion of the victor's clemency:—'On the 23rd instant, Prince Hatzfeld was arrested because he had sent written information to Prince Hohenloë respecting the movements and position of the French army. The letter containing the information was in the prince's own hand, and having been intercepted, was laid before the emperor and king. The Princess of Hatzfeld hurried immediately to the palace to solicit, on her knees, the pardon of her husband. The emperor was so good as to shew her the prince's letter, nor could she deny the writing. "Then judge for yourself, madam," said he, "whether your husband is guilty." Tears were her only answer; but as his majesty is generous even towards his enemies, he gave the princess the letter and pardoned the offender.' Unfortunately for this statement, the letter, which we give at length, is not only perfectly harmless in itself; but was actually written seven hours before the French entered Berlin, and while Prussian officers were in the town executing the orders of which it treats, and when the prince was still in the full possession of his Prussian authority, and perfectly entitled, by all the laws ever acknowledged between civilised nations, to correspond with and send the best information in his power to his sovereign, and his sovereign's officers:—

To Major Von Knesebeck.

Berlin, 24th October 1806, 5 o'clock, A.M.

SIR,—Lieutenant Braun of the artillery attached to the staff has just come in, and tells me that he has directions from you to destroy all the bridges over the Havel. One half of his commission has been executed, the other half Lieutenant Braun thinks impracticable after the information he has received here. I observed to him, that a strong cavalry-patrol had already appeared in Potsdam yesterday, that the Havel bridge there was in possession of the enemy, and that I thought he could fall back, as the other Havel bridges would be of use to us in provisioning Berlin. Lieutenant Braun requested me to inform you of this, and I do so accordingly. Officially I know nothing of the French army, except from a requisition signed d'Aultane, addressed to the magistrates of Potsdam, and which I saw yesterday. The French say their corps is 80,000 strong, others say that it does not amount to 50,000; the horses of the cavalry are also described as being in a very exhausted state.

(Signed) HATZFELD.

P.S.—I beg you will send no answer to this letter.'

"Of the generosity displayed in forgiving a public functionary for having honestly performed a public duty, it is needless to speak; but the countless efforts made to disfigure this trivial incident, and make it the foundation on which to raise the fame of Napoleon's magnanimity, are deserving of attention; for they shew the unscrupulous conduct of his adherents, always as ready to devise absolute fiction in favour of their idol, as to libel the guiltless in support of the same cause."

This long extract has, we feel, cut us off from Siborne's field of Waterloo. We can only repeat that it is a masterly statement, and, like his admirable models, brings that terrible event plainly and completely within the view of reader as of spectator.

De Foix; or, Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century. An Historical Romance. By Mrs. Bray. London, Longman and Co.

This is the second volume of the series of the new and illustrated edition of Mrs. Bray's works of fiction, now in the course of monthly publication; but as we observed largely on its predecessor, and have frequently had occasion to express our approbation of that class of poetic and fictitious composition which adorns the truth of history without violating its spirit; which, in a well-constructed narrative, conveys curious and interesting facts, a just picture of human passions and feelings, and a knowledge of ancient times and manners through a medium the most attractive,—we shall not repeat our general opinion, nor enter again into particulars. Of this class of historic fiction is Mrs. Bray's *De Foix*. In the whole range of antique lore, she could not have selected a more admirable character for the purposes of romance than Gaston Phœbus, Count de Foix. Nothing can be more accurate and spirited than her sketches of the manners, customs, and domestic habits of the age to which the work relates: which evince a knowledge of the subject that would call forth the applause of the most fastidious antiquary; but which, useful as it renders the narrative in point of solid information, is only a minor merit in *De Foix*. In character, scene, and incident, it is one of Mrs. Bray's most powerful works. We more particularly allude to the banquet-scene, where the armed stranger raises his vizor, and the stings

of a startled conscience produce so instantaneous an effect on De Foix, at the moment he is surrounded by his courtly guests, in all the pomp of high place and gratified ambition. The whole of this is very fine; so likewise is the vigil of arms, and the interview between Eustace and the monk at the tomb of De Bearn. The magnificent scene in the Pyrenees, where Agos achieves so gallant an exploit, at the pass of La Garde, which leads to the castle of the free bands (whose captain, Basil le Mengéant, for force of painting, reminds one of Salvator Rosa himself), is also very striking. And the meeting of De Foix and his old and faithful follower, Sir Espanya du Lyon, where the latter endeavours to draw from his friend and master a knowledge of the cause of that distress which weighs on his mind, with a view to serve him from motives of sympathy and affection, is beautifully drawn. And, last of all, where Jane of Boulogne is wrought upon by De Foix to take the oath which her whole soul abhors, from a sense of compassion and duty, we may truly say, we know of nothing more impressive in the range of poetic fiction. Yet much as we admire these and other chapters, we could not give a single extract from any one of them on any consideration; as to do so would inevitably break in upon the story, reveal its mystery, and injure the interest of its development.

Military History of the Irish Nation; comprising a Memoir of the Irish Brigade in the service of France, &c. By the late Matthew O'Conor, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. 8vo, pp. 421. Dublin, Hodges and Smith.

THERE is something melancholy in the appearance of such a work from the tomb; for it is redolent of all the warmth and patriotism of the Irish character, and seems most unnatural to issue from the cold and insensible mansion of Death. Its author, however, is in his grave, and can no more be gratified or elated by the applause which may be excited by his truly national monument to the misfortunes and the gallantry of his fellow-countrymen.

Stung, as it would appear, by the smart saying of Voltaire, on the apparent contrast which he ascribed to the Irish, namely, that they always shewed themselves the bravest soldiers in France and Spain, but always behaved shamefully at home, Mr. O'Conor flew to the rescue of their name and honour, and traced their exploits in war from the time of Elizabeth to the treaty of Utrecht. How bravely they have fought both at home and abroad is fully exemplified in these interesting records; and perhaps it will be concluded from them, that if the difference pointed at by Voltaire actually existed, it did not result from the nature of the men, but from the circumstances in which they were placed—at home, their struggles being predatory, and mostly ill-directed against regular forces; but abroad, they being themselves well-disciplined and regular forces, led by skilful and experienced commanders.

This will account for the whole imputation; and we need go no farther to prove that there are not a braver people on the face of the earth than the sons of the Emerald Isle. We consequently agree with our text, that "had the lively M. Voltaire condescended to read the annals of an obscure people, shut out by distance and insularity from European history, he probably would not have indulged in this disparaging contrast: for he would have found Irish valour the same at Clontarf, at the Blackwater, and at Aughrim, as at Luzara, Cassano, and Fontenoy; the same at Dunboy and

Limerick, as at Guillestre, Embrun, and Cremona."

The accounts of the Irish Brigade are official and ample, and corroborate the views of that gallant expatriated band which have been taken by Major Beamish, Mr. Lover, and other preceding authors. In his earlier statements we also cordially agree, when he generally observes:—

"Prior to the sixteenth century, the wars of the Irish were either petty intestine feuds, not worthy of historical notice, or uncombined efforts in resistance to Norse and Anglo-Norman invasion: yet even in these the impartial mind will find subjects of no humiliating comparison with the military recollections of other neighbouring countries. That the Irish, from the ninth to the eleventh century, were unable to free themselves from Danish and Saxon aggression, was a misfortune equally shared by Britain and France, in both of which countries those piratical powers won territory to a large extent, and permanently established themselves and their institutions; but neither France nor Britain has the glory of having expelled their invaders, after two centuries of oppression, in a great pitched battle, as the Irish, led by their national monarch, Brian of the Tributes, did at Clontarf. In the military annals of these ages, therefore, if the balance of valour were to be struck among the three nations we have named, it would incline, not to M. Voltaire's countrymen, who submitted to the yoke of Rollo; nor to the countrymen of those writers who have so often from England taunted us with his petulant observation; but it would be awarded to us, who, from that very home in which they suppose us incapable of valour, set to both this example of successful warfare which neither of them was able to imitate. Again, our subjugation by the Anglo-Norman adherents of Dermot Mac Murrogh, imperfect as it was, was not, in any sense of the word, a greater conquest than the English themselves had recently endured at the hands of the invading Duke of Normandy; nor will the character of our Roderick in any wise suffer in the comparison with that of their Harold. Roderick erected towns, built bridges, constructed highways, founded religious houses, and endowed professorships in learning. With causes of dissension and defeat palpable in the circumstances of the times in which he lived, it is harsh to charge such a man with individual want of conduct, because, at the head of only a section of his nation, opposed or deserted by those who ought to have been his natural friends and allies, he failed in resisting an invasion invited by an entire province, and prosecuted by the united valour and policy of England and Rome; yielding to the same force, in an aggravated degree, that had overthrown the dynasty of Alfred in the person of Harold, though the latter monarch fought at the head of an united people, and free from that greatest embarrassment that can befall a king contending for the liberties of his country, the treachery of his ecclesiastics. The Irish, therefore, do not shrink from a fair comparison with other nations, since grown to be great military powers, in the wars of those ages."

A stirring history of the famous rebellion of the O'Neals, Hugh Earl of Tyrone, comes close on this introduction; and we are subsequently trained through the Spanish campaigns from 1585 to 1609—from 1656 to 1660—and from 1701 to 1738; and the French campaigns from 1652 to 1654—from 1673 to 1689—and from 1690 (first formation of the Brigade, and its services with King James in Ireland) to the

end of the period embraced in this history. To these military details of battles lost and won, in all which the valour of the Irish was conspicuous, and most conspicuous, unhappily for both countries, where they were found arrayed on the side of the enemies of England, we shall only refer our readers, and conclude with the summing up of our author:—

"In the great war of the Austrian succession, the deeds and fame of the Irish troops rose higher than ever. The profound and daring Saxe was at the head of Louis's main army, and often, when defeat seemed inevitable, the shout of the Irish brigade daunted his enemy, and their charge bore back and shattered the exulting columns of the allies. The plain of Raucoux, the rampart of Lafelt, but, beyond all, the slopes of Fontenoy,¹ proclaim, to all time, that a better friend, or a more dangerous foe, never swept battle-field, than the disciplined Irishman. Into the details of these 'glorious days'² we cannot now enter, but they sustained the character which, against the malice of Voltaire, and the ignorance of some nearer home, I have shewn to be the due of the Irish soldiery; they look worthily beside the memories of Blackwater, Benburb, Limerick, Ramillies, and Almanza, and they justify the motto on the parting flag presented to the Irish Brigade by the Bourbons,

'1692-1792.
Semper ubique fidelis.'

We might lengthen greatly the catalogue of the military services of the Irish. We have been silent on their early career against the British races, who 'groaned' to the consul *Ætius*. Scattered through the English chronicles we find sad proof that the Irish served the aggressions of the Edwards on Wales and Scotland, that their blood rained on the red and white roses, and that under the flag of the Tudor kings they distinguished themselves in France.³ At the close of Hugh O'Neill's war, Spain received her first recruits from Ireland, and ever after sought them eagerly.⁴ During the wars of the Commonwealth, the Irish served the Stuarts in England and Scotland, as well as Ireland. A division of Strafford's Irish army garrisoned Carlisle, and so efficient were the Irish, that the republicans proclaimed that Irish soldiers taken in England, or at sea, should have no quarter.⁵ The strength of Montrouze's army, in 1644-6, consisted of 1500 Antrim Irish, in three regiments, under Alister Mac Domhnall (the Colkitto of Milton), and their steady fire (for they were veterans) won

11th May, 1745.

² The following letter from Lord Clare, who commanded the brigade at Fontenoy, suggested this phrase, and will, probably, be welcome to the reader.

"Paris, October, 1746.

"Dear M'Donough,—I congratulate you on your marriage, but trust it will not induce you to retire from the Irish Brigade. I hope you do not forget the memorable day they had at Fontenoy, and the other glorious days in which they had a share. Your promotion goes on, and all are wishing for your return. With your assistance and O'Brien's, the ranks are near filled up. I hope to see you soon. How does my old friend and relative, Captain Dermot O'Brien, get on? Is he in good health, and permitted to live and pray in peace? Yours,

"CLARE.
"To Monsieur A. M'Donough, Co. Clare, Ireland."

Clare, it may be added, was a great recruiting county for the brigade. On its stern coast the French used to land smuggled claret, brandy, &c. and take away wool, and what was more precious, 'Wild Geese,' for such was the name usually given to the recruits for 'The bold Brigade.'

³ Leland's Ireland. Lynch's Feudal Baronies.
⁴ Strafford's Letters, vol. i. pp. 395, 440, 466, 471, and vol. ii. p. 243, &c.

⁵ See an instance of the enforcement of this annexed to the account of the battle of Benburb, in 'Thorpe's Pamphlets,' in the Dublin Society Library.

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⁶ Ormonde
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his chief battles.⁶ We have passingly mentioned the Irish in the imperial service. In it they served with honour, and some of them attained its highest ranks. Marshal Browne, the conqueror of Frederick, and Marshal Lacy, the organiser of the Russian army, were Irishmen.⁷ The Pennsylvanian line, Washington's surest troops during the war of American independence, were five-sixths Irish; and in a native of Donegal⁸ the young republic found her second general. Nor need England complain of the services of Ireland to her enemies; throughout the last war, from Assaye to Vittoria, and from Vimiera to Waterloo, the Irish battalions maintained their fame and her flag; and high in services and renown, above all the generals who ever drew sword in her name, was the Irishman, Arthur Wellesley. Let no one asperse the character of the Irish because they fought so often under foreign colours. Exiled, persecuted, and loyal, they lent their valour to the states which supported their dethroned kings, their outlawed religion, their denationalised country, their vow of vengeance, or their hopes of freedom. Viewed carelessly at a distance, their varied services seem evidence of an unprincipled Praetorian race; examined in detail, with references to the creed, politics, and foreign relations of Ireland at each period, they only prove an amount of patriotism, piety, and valour, which, concentrated at home to national service, would have made Ireland all we could wish her.

May we never again witness a native of Ireland in arms against, but ever by the side of, their worthy compatriots in courage, the brave English and the gallant Scotch! United, they may dare the world.

Thiodolf the Icelander, from the German of De la Motte Fouqué. Pp. 364. London, J. Burns. CERTAINLY equal to the most successful of the author's romances, this adventurous story, often reminding us of the lore and style of Norse Sagas, affords a brilliant idea of the luxuries and corruptions of the Byzantine court, and the stern and gigantic roughness of its Scandinavian residents, at the head of whom strides Thiodolf the Berserker. It is full of imagination and interest; and the mind of the writer is so deeply imbued with classic and ancient intelligence, that every page throws a light upon the earlier ages of history.

The Fortunes of Frank Fairfield. By M. H. Barker, Esq., "The Old Sailor." Pp. 149. W. S. Orr and Co.

Nobody tells a sea-tale better, and very few so well, as our Old Sailor. This is the biography of a brave and worthy companion of the immortal Nelson; extremely interesting in itself, setting a noble example before the eyes of every seaman, and stimulating the finer sympathies of nature both on land and sea.

Glances at Life in City and Suburb. By Cornelius Webb, author of the "Man about Town," &c. Pp. 376. London, Sherwood and Bowyer.

This is a second series of sketches of the lower orders, and just such as a clever and observant "Man about Town" might be supposed to draw. Old watchmen (who never watched), maids of all-work (some of whom like to do little or none at all), parish beadle (properly pronounced beetles), &c. &c., figure in the page, and are painted with considerable force and

⁶ Ormond Letters, vol. i. pp. 73-76, &c. Napier's Life of Montrose, *passim*; Dublin Magazine for April, 1843; Introduction to Mac Domhnaill's March.

⁷ Life of Marshal Browne. Manstein's Memoirs. ⁸ Montgomery.

humour. Night-auctions and Lord-mayor's shows, and other subjects of similar sort, are also shewn up; nor is the author without veins of the useful, instructive, and touching. Altogether he has produced a very readable volume for the occasional student and the vacant hour. *Days and Nights in the East; from the Notes of Recent Traveller, &c.* By Miss Plumley. Pp. 257. Newby.

THAT a tourist who spends his days in the East will most probably pass his nights there, is a truism which we daresay few will dispute, and therefore it is good and sonorous for a title-page. So heralded, this volume is just such a one as an observant person might write home in a journal to friends, producing nothing new, but telling pleasantly enough how he got on from day to day, and night to night, in Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Turkey, and Greece, visiting the most remarkable places in these countries. The style is of the easy sort, *i.e.* not very correct; for we read of Arabs who "are delighted of an excuse to take physic;" and are told of the principal colours in an Egyptian sepulchral chamber being "red, blue, yellow, and green, the primitive colours alone being known to them." Altogether we can merely say, that this is a slight notice of matters seen or occurring on the route, which have been often before more circumstantially and graphically described.

Time works Wonders: a Comedy, in Five Acts. By Douglas Jerrold.

ITS continued and prosperous run at the Haymarket disproves the title of this clever comedy, and shews that Time does not work wonders; for if the old fellow had done so, he would have prevailed against the genius of the drama. In our day to meet with a play two months old, and performed to applauding audiences every night, is, however, a sort of wonder itself, though just the reverse of one of Time's. That it fully deserves its success is a wonder of Jerrold's own working.

The King's Friend: a Play, in Five Acts. By Robert Sullivan, Esq. Saunders and Otley. ONE of the truly meritorious efforts of the managers of Sadler's Wells to promote the cause of the legitimate drama. It is a clever historic view of Henri the Great and his great minister Sully, and a plot well devised to keep the house in successive surprises and the stage in good situations and effects.

The Disputed Inheritance: a Novel. By Grace Webster. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

SKETCHES of Scotch characters and manners, drawn in a style sufficiently accurate, or, we should rather say, sufficiently homely, but, we suspect, belonging to bygone and not to present times. There is no construction of plot, nor any object very obvious in the succession of scenes to which the reader is introduced: the writer appears merely to describe ordinary events as she has seen or heard of them.

The College Chums: a Novel. 2 vols. By Chas. Lister, Esq. T. C. Newby.

COMMON occurrences of life, thrown together in a story of young collegians and ladies of rank, and the inferior personages who surround such luminaries, as satellites move about planets.

A Handbook of Foreign Cookery, principally French, German, and Danish. Pp. 264. London, Murray.

A SUPPLEMENT to follow Mrs. Glass, Meg Dods, and even the immortal Ude, and worthy the serious attention of those who (after them) have appetites for a number of other foreign concoctions novel to our cuisines. Cherry-

soup, mushroom-powder pro catup, aspik, girofle, Danish punch, Bohemian dalken, dreifuss, plukkefisk, schodoh, flameri, Kolatschen, Kalteschale, Nalesnikis, and fifty other preparations of meat and drink, may be tried to begin with, and then we shall be able to know whether the new dishes are as good as or better than the old.

The Causes and Consequences of National Revolutions among the Ancients and the Moderns compared. By Samuel Lucas, B.A. Pp. 52. London, Murray; Oxford, Vincent.

A PRIZE-essay read at the Sheldonian Theatre, on the 4th instant, and justly entitled to appear in its present public shape, by the ability with which the important subject is treated, the reading and philosophical views which it displays, and the style in which it is written. The conclusions drawn are hopeful for the living race and those generations which will follow.

Life in Dalecarlia, the Parsonage of Mora. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by W. Howitt. 12mo, pp. 348. London, Chapman and Hall.

A VERY peculiar picture of manners, elicited out of a mysterious tale of crime and sorrow, and love and innocence. The style, and consequently the sense, is often abrupt; and the appeals to the Deity, and other sacred expressions, though probably true to the people in this rude mining district, are too profuse. The descriptions of the great copper-mine, the interest of the story, and the characteristic traits of the various classes of society, are however quite sufficient to carry the reader along in enjoying this new effusion of the Swedish novelist, as in the most striking of her former works.

Sketches of Saffron Walden and its Vicinity. By John Player, author of "Home." With Illustrations by J. M. Youngman. Pp. 89. Saffron Walden, G. Youngman.

ALTOGETHER local, this little volume is highly creditable to rural taste and provincial talent. There is a right feeling in the letter-press, and the glyphographic views are tastefully executed. It is one of the good signs of a country to see such wholesome efforts in its more retired scenes. The papers were originally printed in the *Essex Herald* and *Chelmsford Chronicle*, two largely-circulated Essex journals.

Hints to Fresh-Men at the University of Cambridge. (Fifth Edition.) Pp. 53. Rivingtons.

ADVICE given to men who are not fresh does not seem to be so much relished as these really good and sound counsels to young men on entering the University, where all that is worth living for may be learnt or thrown away. The aphorisms are often strong; always deserving of calm consideration.

A Descant on Weather-Wisdom. Pp. 32. Longmans.

A postliminary dedication precedes this fragment, which is a playful ridicule of superstitious notions, which many of the wisest entertain (may we say partially) in common with the ignorant and unlettered. Every page almost is an amusing anecdote illustrative of the subject.

Geography in Verse. J. B. Sharpe.

TWO-PENN'ORTH of rhyme, from which England and Wales may be mapped on the memory of any child who will get the lines by heart.

Joys and Sorrows of Childhood. By Mrs. Sherwood. Pp. 171. Darton and Clarke.

RATHER too *inculcative*, but still in the excellent spirit of this anxious instructress of youth.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

June 9th.—Lord Colchester, president, in the chair. The first paper read was a communication from Lord Stanley, being extracts from the despatches of Captain Sturt, containing the latest intelligence from that gentleman of the progress of his exploratory expedition in Australia. His last letter, dated Williorara, October 16th, 1844, says, that on reaching the Darling River, about eighteen miles above its junction with the Murray, he found its flats far superior to those of the Murray, both in richness of soil and in extent; the seasons also appeared particularly favourable, and the periodical flooding of the river left a rich deposit that would greatly facilitate the growth of many of the intertropical productions,—as, cotton, indigo, maize, and flax; the native indigo he found growing to the height of three feet. Indeed, he had no doubt that many a valuable farm might be established on the banks of this river, which would afford a channel of communication for the productions of the region. At Laidley's Ponds appearances were less favourable, and Capt. Sturt was obliged to return to the Darling. He now despatched Mr. Poole to some heights which were visible in the N.W. On that gentleman's return, he reported having seen distant ranges to the N. and N.W.; that from S.W. by W. to 13 degrees E. of N. there was water extending, amidst which were numerous islands; that there was a distant high peak which appeared to be surrounded by water that shewed as a dark blue line along the horizon. The country between the Darling and the hill he had ascended was level and covered with spear-grass, of which the animals are very fond, and low shrubs, and a country of similar character seemed to extend from Mr. Poole's position to the more distant hills. It is, however, probable that these appearances of water and high lands are no more than effects of mirage. Capt. Sturt, nevertheless, believes in the existence of an inland sea; but as he intends turning Lake Torrens by its north-eastern extremity, so as to attain a position due north of Mount Arden, we may expect ere long some more satisfactory account of the nature of the interior of this great and mysterious island.—The second paper read was a communication by Mr. Windsor Earle "On the physical structure and disposition of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago." The islands (says Mr. Earle) differ in structure and elevation, some have gently sloping shores with soundings far out at sea, others rise abruptly from unfathomable depths, contain lofty mountains, and, in some cases, active volcanoes; while a third class, containing some of the larger islands, as Sumatra and Borneo, are of a mixed character. From the south-eastern extremity of Asia extends an immense bank of soundings, reaching to the eastern extremity of Java, and near to the western coast of Celebes. A similar bank extends along the whole of the northern coast of Australia and the north coast of New Guinea. Those banks have an average depth of from 30 to 40 fathoms. The distance between the Australian and Asiatic banks is about 450 miles, and presents an unfathomable channel. The nature of the land in the Malayan peninsula, the eastern side of Sumatra, the western side of Borneo and the northern side of Java is identical with that of Australia and the southern portion of New Guinea. The direction of the mountain ranges of the Malayan peninsula and Sumatra is also identical with the ranges of Australia. From these facts, Mr. Earle argues the former connexion of Australia with Asia, a con-

nexion disrupted by volcanic action, as evinced by the fact that a great volcanic belt now intervenes between the two. This belt, beginning at the north-western extremity of Sumatra, runs along the western side of that island, then along the southern side of Java, then forms the groups of islands running west and east as far as Timor, after which it is continued through the northern portion of New Guinea, the Louisiade to New Caledonia, Norfolk Island, and New Zealand, being in form like the letter S. This volcanic belt is joined at Flores and Timor by another coming from Kamtschatka through the Philippines, the north of Borneo, Gilolo, Celebes, Coram, &c. The existence of the teak-tree in Java, as well as in the Asiatic continent, and the discovery of the kangaroo in New Guinea, are adduced by Mr. Earle in further proof of the former connexion of these now dissevered lands, and the similarity in the direction and character of the Asiatic and Australian mountain-ranges renders it probable that the latter may be found as rich in mineral wealth as the former are known to be. The paper being concluded, Mr. Murchison, late president of the society, took a decidedly opposite view of the matter, and maintained that nothing short of the discovery of similar ancient fossils in Australia and in Asia could be admitted as proof of the former connexion of the two countries.—Capt. Grover exhibited to the meeting a very curious picturesque delineation of Dr. Wolff's route from Bokhara to Mesched, executed by a Persian who accompanied the doctor, and who has written a history of the journey, which is now being translated. The meeting learned from Capt. Grover, with sincere regret, that Dr. Wolff is now labouring under a severe disease, the germ of which he took in Bokhara, and whose consequences are greatly to be dreaded.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 2d.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair. Various new and interesting species of insects were exhibited by different members, including a fine species of *Tricentomata* from the Himalaya, by Captain Parry; the male of the rare and singular *Dorthesia characias*, by Mr. Weir; an apparently new species of *Tortrix*, by Mr. Douglas; and living specimens of the rare *Rhynchites cupreus*, by Mr. S. Stevens. The president alluded to the great destruction caused by the white ants and other insects to the wooden sleepers of the railroads in India; and the kyanising process having been alluded to, Mr. J. F. Stephens mentioned that he had observed *Thanasimus unifasciatus* on palings at Camberwell, but that they carefully avoided the kyanised staves. A letter from Captain Boys, addressed to the secretary, was read, containing notes on the habits of the genus *Dorylus*, *Myrmecion*, a species of *Tetrix* which swims with great agility, and other Indian insects; and also a paper by Mr. Westwood, on a new genus of *Carabidae* from Ceylon, unique, in the collection of Mr. Melly.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

June 10th.—Sir J. Rennie, president, in the chair. The paper read was by Mr. J. Stirling, and described an ingenious air-engine invented by his brother and himself. The movements of this machine are founded upon the well-known pneumatic principle, that air has its bulk or pressure increased and diminished in proportion as its temperature is raised or lowered. The application of this principle was exemplified by drawings and a model exhibiting a

machine composed of two strong or tight air-vessels connected with the opposite ends of a vertical cylinder, in which a piston works in the usual manner. Within these air-vessels are suspended two air-tight vessels, or plungers, filled with nonconducting substances, and attached to the opposite extremities of a beam capable of moving up and down alternately to the extent of one-fifth of the depth of the air-vessels. By this motion of the plungers, the air, which is in a heated state below, is moved to the upper part of the vessels, and in its transit traverses a series of vertical capillary passages, between thin metallic plates, which absorb the major part of the calorific: the remainder is taken up by a refrigerator of tubes filled with water; the air at the heated end is at about 700°, and has a proportionate pressure. When it arrives at the cooled end, it is reduced to about 150°, and the pressure diminished to a corresponding extent. Therefore, as the interior vessels move in opposite directions, it necessarily follows that the pressure of the condensed air in one vessel is increased, while that of the other is diminished: a difference of pressure is thus produced upon the opposite ends of the piston; and a reciprocating motion results, which is communicated through a beam, connecting-rod, crank, and fly-wheel, to the machinery when driven. Machines upon this principle were stated to have been worked for some years past at Dundee, with considerable saving of fuel as compared to a steam-engine of similar power and doing the same work. It is now proposed to adapt it to marine purposes, to which, from its simplicity and slight expenditure of fuel, it appears well fitted. The theory of the expansion of air, and its practical adaptation as a moving power, were very fully discussed, as were the mechanical difficulties, which appeared to have been very ingeniously overcome by Mr. Stirling, who attended the meeting and explained his invention. The engine appeared to receive the approval of the members, who were evidently not prepared to find so perfect a machine, and one so practically useful.

The following papers were announced to be read at the next meeting:—"Description of the Denting Vale viaduct on the line of the Sheffield and Manchester Railway," by Mr. A. S. Gee; "The application of gunpowder for blasting some marl-rocks in the River Severn," by Mr. G. Edwards.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ARCHEOLOGY.

A WEEK'S file of the *Chesterfield Reporter* has made us acquainted with some new and interesting facts relating to the opening of barrows in Derbyshire, by Mr. Thomas Bateman and the Rev. Stephen Isaacson, two of the indefatigable and distinguished working (we mean by "working" the opposite of mere dilettanti) members of the British Archaeological Association. The following extracts from the journal quoted will explain the general character of the discoveries made; but we are informed that a full and particular account of them is being prepared for the ensuing meeting of the British Archaeological Association in August at Winchester, under the presidency of Lord Albert Conyngham. Together with the description of the operations, we may then and there expect to see the remarkable remains thus brought to light after their centuries of interment, to inform us of the customs and manners of the earliest inhabitants of Britain.

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by Thomas Bateman, jun., Esq., accompanied by the Rev. Stephen Isaacson. The site of the tumulus is about a mile from Hartington, on a farm in the occupation of Mr. Gould, who paid the greatest attention to the party. The barrow at the first glance presented a very inviting appearance; and the early discovery of large quantities of rats' bones—the sure and invariable indication of a deposit—excited a lively anticipation in the minds of the barrow-diggers. The first object met with was a fine flint arrow-head, which was speedily followed by a stone celt or hammer of beautiful design and very great variety. This latter was near the skeleton, by the side of which a magnificent bronze dagger was found, in the finest state of preservation—clearly indicating that the remains were those of a person of distinction. In the course of the excavation, a second skeleton was exhumed, with an iron knife and whetstone at his side, with evidences of a later interment. This individual must have been of gigantic proportions, the thigh-bone measuring twenty-three inches. A few flints, minute fragments of pottery, and bones of animals, were also met with, and about sixty pebbles, deposited there as tributes of respect, according to ancient custom, by the relations and friends of the departed, whose rank may, in many instances, be determined by the number of such primitive offerings.

"On Friday, the 23d instant, the Rev. Stephen Isaacson, having obtained permission from his Grace the Duke of Rutland, accompanied by Thomas Bateman, jun., Esq., commenced excavating the large barrow to the south of the Druidical circle at Arbor Low, which had hitherto been vainly attempted on three several occasions by distinguished antiquaries. These gentlemen were determined to carry out their object, and leave no stone unturned to solve the mystery which has hitherto hung over these most remarkable relics of the very earliest ages of our country. Accordingly, after penetrating to a depth of seven feet, and in their progress meeting with some fragments of the horns and bladebone of the red deer, they discovered the top of a kist, in which Mr. Bateman at once detected an urn of very rude and primitive character, and a mass of burnt bones. The greatest care now became necessary to prevent the superincumbent mass of earth and stones from penetrating through the crevices and destroying or defacing the urn, which was ultimately rescued from its lengthened interment, and safely deposited in the chest specially prepared and adapted for such purposes. Subsequently the fragments of a much larger and more beautiful urn, in which the deposit had rested—and the entire mass of bones, together with the kist, were removed. Among the débris were found a bone pin and flint of the rudest workmanship. It is very much to be regretted that the Duke of Rutland's agents, notwithstanding the recognised care of these expert barrow-diggers, upon some false information respecting the injuries inflicted on a rude heap of useless stones, interposed to prevent a complete survey; and, in defiance of his Grace's written permission, compelled them to terminate their unfinished labours. There can be no doubt that when the matter is laid before his Grace, the contemplated undertaking will be resumed. It is very remarkable, that a fragment of spherical hepatic pyrites was found with the deposit, specimens of which Mr. Bateman has on two previous occasions discovered in similar positions. These were undoubtedly worn as ornaments, or used as armlets, by our rude forefathers; and it is a

remarkable fact, that Mr. Isaacson met with similar objects amongst the natives of South America, where the smaller specimens are used for the destruction of game in lieu of shot, and denominated by the Indians 'bush shot.'

"On the 28th ult., Mr. Bateman, accompanied by Mr. Isaacson and Mr. F. Lock, opened a barrow near Wetton, in Staffordshire, called Taylor's Low. About four feet below the surface the skeleton of a young person was discovered in a kist formed of flat stones, the knees being drawn up in the usual form, but no article was found with it. On the north side, at a depth of eighteen inches, a second skeleton was met with, and lower down an octagonal kist, in which was a simple deposit of burnt bones; and, what is most unusual, and worthy remark, this was erected over a skeleton which lay in a large square kist cut in the rock—presenting the anomalous appearance of a kist within a kist. No instruments or other articles were found, if we except a few flints, and a minute fragment of earthenware, dug up in the course of the excavations. The probability is, that a lime-kiln having been sunk in the centre, the deposit was disturbed, especially as it is a singular fact, that the heads of the interments were all missing, and must, therefore, have been all converging to that point. On the same day these gentlemen excavated a barrow in a field known as the Bowling-green field, situated near New Inns, on Alsop Moor. The skeleton was laid on its left side, with its knees drawn up, and face towards the south, on the rocky floor of the barrow. At the back of the head was a beautiful brass dagger, in fine preservation, which had originally been protected by a wooden sheath. Near the knees two brass rivets were found, but, on a searching examination, nothing further was discovered. It is most probable they had been attached to some wooden instrument, which had so completely decayed as to 'leave not a rach behind.' In the course of the excavation part of another skeleton, some animal teeth, and two instruments of flint—all of which had been previously disturbed—were exhumed.

"On the 30th ult., the same party commenced opening a small barrow in a field called the Lowe, on Alsop Moor. The elevation was not more than a foot above the surrounding soil. In the centre, a small quantity of burnt bones were discovered in a circular hole about a foot deep, which most probably was the primary deposit. A little to the south, a skeleton was found laid at length on its back, its head to the west. On the left side, close to the pelvis, the iron umbo of a shield reposed, and a little higher up a broad-headed iron rivet, which, on minute inspection, proved to have been attached to some instrument of bronze, whilst near the neck a thin flat piece of iron was found. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this interment was, that in one of the hands of the skeleton was placed a common round pebble, such as are frequently found in the Derbyshire Lows, but seldom in a definite position, as in this instance. On the same day, another barrow was opened on the opposite side of the Moor, in a field called Pansister, in the centre of which were the remains of a female, in a very decayed condition, unaccompanied by any articles whatever; but incidentally some horses' teeth, and two more instruments of flint, were picked up.

"June 2d.—Mr. Bateman and Mr. Isaacson proceeded to Moot Low, in the same neighbourhood, where an enormous barrow, ninety feet in diameter, challenged their attention. A cutting, which was ultimately continued to the

extent of thirty feet, was commenced; and the ground appearing to decline at a particular point near the centre, a transverse section was made. The first indication of a deposit was the appearance of rats' bones, and a few fragments of stag-horn. The interment was after six hours' heavy labour developed, and a bronze celt, of beautiful workmanship and novel form, rewarded the party for all their toils. Determined, however, to investigate the spot thoroughly, shafts were sunk at several points, and the transverse section continued for about twenty-feet, when a second skeleton was exhumed, but nothing of any further moment."

Chesterfield Reporter, June 6th, 1845.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; United Service Institute, 9 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soirée), 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Microscopical, 8 P.M.; Ethnological,

8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (lecture), 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

Friday.—British and Foreign Institute (conversation), 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

The National Gallery: Observations on the Unfitness of the present Building for its Purpose. In a Letter to Sir Robert Peel. By C. L. Eastlake, R.A., Keeper of the National Gallery. Pp. 24.

AT length a potential voice from the interior, the very sanctum of jobbery, has declared to the world, that the gallery built for the reception of the nation's works of art is an utter failure, and altogether unfit for the purpose for which it was planned, carried through against every dictate of expediency and common sense, and erected at the cost of the country. To say that we do not feel a sort of pleasure at the proclamation of this tardy and late discovery would be untrue; for it really gratifies us. It gratifies us, because it acknowledges to have been proven all the objections we so earnestly offered at the time the *business* was doing, in the hope of preventing its being carried into execution; it gratifies us, because it relieves us from the vituperation and obloquy with which we were visited for making these public exertions;* and it gratifies us, because we think, now that the evil is demonstrated by such an authority as Mr. Eastlake's, it must lead to a remedy, and to the adoption of measures similar to those we recommended while it was in progress, and before it was fully perpetrated. Away with the National Gallery, incompetent to display and destructive to the qualities of its treasures: try if an arrangement can be framed to render the whole building eligible for the Royal Academy and its annual exhibitions; and let us have a place fit for the encouragement of art, and the safe-keeping of its noblest efforts—a place worthy of a great empire, in which taste and knowledge are not quite despised. At present, says Mr. Eastlake, the defects may be comprised under the following heads (a pretty list for an enlightened people, touching a work only a few years old!):

"The inconvenient arrangement, or disposition, of some of the rooms. Insufficient space for the due exhibition of even the present collection of paintings. Insufficient room for the accommodation of those desirous of studying in the gallery. Want of offices. The imperfect system of ventilating and warming the rooms."

* See a score of *Literary Gazettes* of the time.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

Tolerably strong examples of the non-adaptation of a grand public edifice!

Some of the rooms are not applicable at all for any of the objects contemplated;—the whole suite are incompetent to allow the pictures to be hung up so as to be properly seen;—the accommodation for the culture of the profession by our native school is worthless;—and the system for official preservation, and other minor requisites, is a complete bungle.

Visitors have not room to go in and pass out of the *National Gallery*! and we are truly told: “In summer (i. e. when we have any, as we have now in mid-June some promise) the effects cannot but be injurious to the pictures, which are exposed, in a confined space, at once to a moist atmosphere and to clouds of dust. Under such circumstances they appear to require cleaning daily (as often as the rooms are swept): this, it is almost needless to say, would be unsafe; and even the frames could not be so frequently dusted without injury to their appearance.”

There is not space enough to dispose of the pictures already in the *National Gallery*! and accordingly, after a few judicious remarks upon size, form, lighting, and architectural arrangements, Mr. E. suggests the right course to be adopted when it shall please the powers that be to have a *National Gallery*, instead of a huddle of bad rooms so called.

In regard to art generally, the following is worthy of attention, as coming from so competent a judge, and applicable to every apartment where a painting or a collection of paintings is hung:

“The window, or source of light, by which a picture is seen, and the picture itself, ought not both to come within the range of vision at the same time. This general condition may comprehend the side-light under the restrictions before alluded to; but it may be safely asserted, that a light from above, if sufficiently abundant, is always the fittest for large pictures. The principle of not suffering the eyes to be dazzled by a brighter object than the object contemplated, suggests the expediency of avoiding a superabundance of burnishing in frames, especially in unbroken lines, and very near the picture. An attention to this particular is still more necessary as regards old pictures, the tone of which has been lowered by time.* With respect to the colour of the walls on which pictures are to be hung, it may be observed that a picture will be seen to advantage on a ground brighter than its darks and darker than its lights, and of so subdued a tint as may contrast well with its brighter colours. The choice of that tint should, I conceive, be regulated by the condition of its harmonizing with the colour of gold, with which it is more immediately in contact; but this is not all; supposing the most advantageous hue to be employed for the wall, it is not to be concluded that boards painted of that hue will have a satisfactory effect. The refined and harmonious tones of pictures, and the soft splendour of gilding around them, require to be supported by materials of corresponding richness, or at least by a certain finish, in the appearance of what surrounds them. The whole question is of less consequence where paintings are numerous enough nearly to hide the walls; but while the latter make a considerable part of the impression on the eye, that impression is not to be neglected.”

“With regard to students and the opportunities afforded to them to pursue their studies in

the *National Gallery*: they are restricted to fifty in number, to two days in the week, and to three months at a season,—that is to say, we are attempting, as far as copying in oil goes, to found a national school upon the practice and experience of *twenty-five days a year*!! Water-colour copyists are allowed more time, but they have not cared for the compliment; whilst the numerous applications of the former class have been made in vain; and neither the Oilmen nor the Watermen can find sufficient accommodation for their apparatus and painting materials—in the *National Gallery*! And yet, says Mr. E.: “The want of spacious and well-lighted rooms for cleaning and restoring pictures is a more serious evil.” And (indicating sensible alterations in this respect) *inter alia* he continues: “In connexion with the necessary labours of cleaning and restoring pictures, I would beg leave to suggest the expediency of allowing those who may undertake or superintend such operations, to put themselves in communication with some experienced chemists, who might be directed to render assistance when required. Such assistance may sometimes be necessary; for example, the large painting by Sebastian del Piombo was remarked, some years since, to be infested by insects, and this is not an uncommon evil in picture-galleries. In such a case it would be desirable to consult a chemical authority as to the best means of removing this cause of decay without injuring the picture. An experienced investigator, in turning his attention to the preservation of works of art might, in the course of such inquiries, and with opportunities of examining the grounds, materials, &c., of old pictures, be enabled to throw considerable light on the practice of painting in its best ages, and to impart useful information to artists.”

And, “On review of the various circumstances which I have taken the liberty to point out, it will, I conceive, be apparent that a larger building than the present one is already necessary. It is not for me to offer any suggestion as to the fittest place for such a building, but there are certain conditions which, with reference to the preservation of pictures and other requisites, should be borne in mind in selecting a locality.” And, finally, “In conclusion, I cannot refrain from expressing a hope that the *National Gallery*, while rich in the works of the great masters, may by degrees merit its designation in another sense, and that when ample space shall be provided, a portion of the new edifice may be dedicated to the reception of the best works of the British school. It is impossible but that foreigners should entertain erroneous judgments respecting the state of art in this country, since few can be expected to take the pains, even if they had permission, to visit every private collection, and every artist's painting-room; while a single exhibition is an uncertain criterion. A selection such as I have supposed would, in process of time, be a fair test of the ability of our painters, and would be always accessible. The project would be attended with other more important and beneficial consequences. Our artists would be unceasingly reminded of a more serious competition than the exhibition of a season, and would aspire to meet the judgment of posterity. Their efforts would be more uniformly commensurate with their ambition for permanent distinction, and the same motive would be the means of inducing a sterling practice both as to methods and materials, with a view to the durability of their productions. The duty of honouring the dead would, it is hoped, not be forgotten among the means of

exciting the best efforts of the living; a gallery of the British school should comprehend worthy examples of every past period.”

To all which we respond heartily, “So be it!” And, before we take our leave of the subject, we would beg to recall the memory of our readers to a little pamphlet written some dozen years ago, by a great artist, with a great knowledge of art, and a great reformer, though not belonging to the Academy, viz. Mr. Haydon. It appeared in a letter of fourteen pages addressed to Earl Grey, then First Lord of the Treasury, the source of all preferment and improvement. In this he deprecates a junction, then hinted at, of the *National Gallery* and the Royal Academy, and enthusiastically says: “A national gallery, my lord, should be a monumental depository—a sacred refuge, not only for the great works of foreign schools, but also for the great works of the native school; for no gallery can be national unless equal provision be made for the one as well as the other. * * * Taking the space of Charing-cross of 500 feet, if 250 only in depth and length can be devoted for a national gallery, there will not be a petty provincial city, my lord, in France or Germany, that will not possess a more splendid gallery than Great Britain, on whose empire, as the Spaniards once said of their own, the sun never sets!” This was echoing the *Literary Gazette*, and anticipating the discoveries of Mr. Eastlake after being twelve months keeper of this illustrious receptacle, *quasi* “temple for the dedication of the greatest works of genius, dead or living.” Entering, by similar anticipation, into particular details, Mr. Haydon proceeds: “It has been asked if this space will not be enough for the pictures in Pall-Mall? Are the pictures in Pall-Mall to be the limit? Will there be no bequests—no purchases? Will any gallery which excludes the cartoons of Andrea Mantegna and Raffael at Hampton Court be a *National Gallery*? and they alone will occupy the space. Will it not be more gratifying to the nation, more satisfactory to the house, more honourable to the government, and more worthy of your lordship, and will it not be more economical, to do it well and do it effectually? I appeal to your lordship if all the dissatisfaction at the failure of public buildings, and expenditure of public money, has not originated in not taking at first a comprehensive view, for fear of frightening the nation. No gallery, my lord, can be effectual with less than 800 feet of range—400 for the ancient school, and 400 for the modern; and if the display of the pictures, the arrangement of the light, simplicity in the building, and choice of situation, be the principal objects, such an extension might be accomplished without burdening the country. My humble opinion, my lord, therefore is, that the gallery, to be effectual, should be alone built to display pictures, to which every other object ought to be sacrificed. The greater simplicity outside the better, and inside the better still; for all architectural projections produce real lights and shadows, under which the lights and shadows of the finest Titian are destroyed, and rendered futile. Simplicity in architectural ornament, and strict attention to light, are the essential requisites of all galleries for pictures.”

Thus, beforehand and behindhand, the lesson has been inculcated, which we trust will not again be lost. The far-seeing and immortal Burke said, that “by a great minister alone would the arts of England be ever placed on a proper basis.” There is now a direction in the right quarter. Who will be the great minister?

* Mr. Rogers has found it advantageous to varnish his gold frames, and thus subdue their tone.

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We have a prince most near to the throne interesting himself zealously for the promotion of the fine arts. There are associated with him men of high acquirements, warmly seconding his efforts. The prime minister of the day is personally a friend and encourager of art. Many circumstances conspire to make this a favourable epoch: even the House of Commons is liberal towards deserving designs. Shall all this be thrown away?—or shall we at last inscribe on an adequate public temple, "Hic patet ingenis campus?"

INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

June 7th (last meeting for the season).—Mr. Clint in the chair. Mr. G. R. Lewis read a paper on the necessity of a due cultivation of the constructive faculties of man in a country so eminently commercial as this.—A paper was also read by Mr. Foggo, on "Light, colour, and their effects." Certain effects observable in mountainous districts were described as strikingly different from any we observe in lower regions, and tending to create doubts of the Newtonian system, in favour of Dr. Hook's theory of two colours only. Yellow and red were supposed by Mr. F. to be but modifications of the warm aspect, in contrast or opposition to the blue or cold hue: their prismatic proportions and positions, and the inefficiency of the metachrome and other modes of attempting the recombination of colours into pure light or whiteness, were commented on, as well as the important results of glazing and scumbling, in the painter's practice. An inquiry into the principles and effects of light and colour was recommended as a delightful and useful opportunity for artists to advance human knowledge, and raise their profession to respect and consideration. The often-abused atmosphere of this island was described as one great cause of our landscape-painters' excellence and of the peculiar beauty of our descriptive poets, being eminently conducive to picturesque and poetical effect.

Pictures.—Messrs. Christie's sale, last Saturday, justified our anticipations, though the "Laughing Girl" brought only 50 guineas, and Gainsborough no more. Mr. Norton secured the small but charming Ruydsalt at 171*l.* 3*s.*; and also Hilton's "Venus, &c." at 325*l.* 10*s.* The Raffaello and Claude, of which we spoke in comparison with our own native artists, brought severally 451*l.* 10*s.* and 178*l.* 10*s.*; but then, the Wilsons went at 142*l.* 16*s.*, 114*l.* 9*s.*, and 29*l.* A Turner water-colour drawing cost Lord Lansdowne 71*l.* 8*s.*; and his splendid picture, of which we spoke so highly, fetched the enormous price of 703*l.* 10*s.* We were told the artist himself left a commission for its purchase limited to 250*l.*, which was more than he was paid for it. Etty's "Cupid's bivouac" fetched 388*l.* 10*s.*; and "To arms to arms!" not so great a favourite with us, though displaying more variety of art, 409*l.* 10*s.* These sales must have raised this artist to his proper position in our native school. Of the Sir Joshuas, the admirable "Admiral Keppel" was transferred to Sir R. Peel's collection for 535*l.* 10*s.*; "Venus chiding Cupid" was sold for 530*l.* 5*s.*, and the "St. Cecilia," 525*l.*

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

STATE OF BUENOS AYRES: ROSAS.

Buenos Ayres, January 21st, 1845.
DEAR SIR.—As it appears to me, nothing can illustrate the character of a man like his deeds, I have confined myself hitherto, in endeavour-

ing to convey to your mind an idea of our "illustrious restorer of the laws," as he is called by his party, to relating such as are well authenticated and beyond contradiction. I now merely add two more—out of a mass—which will serve as sufficient proof of his disposition and policy. The statement is that of Major Montero, a Chilianian officer of great merit, who had performed prodigies of valour in the war of their independence, but who could not, either by bribes or threats, be induced to assist in the intrigues of Dorrego and Rosas. On the latter being appointed governor, he sent for Montero, and received him with all apparent kindness, ordering him to come next day for despatch. On his reporting himself accordingly, a sealed letter was delivered to him, directed to Col. Prudencia Rosas, at the Retiro, which he was informed contained his despatches. On his presenting it, what was his surprise at being ordered into a back yard, a file of men called out, and then he was told he had brought an order for his own death! In vain he asked the nature of his crime, permission to see his wife,—both were peremptorily denied; even the rites of the Church were not granted him; but he was immediately despatched. The second was the case of Cullen, for some years secretary to Governor Lopez, of St. Fe. When by the grace of God and a liver complaint the said Lopez died, Cullen was elected in his place; but differing in opinion with Rosas as regarded the Federation, an intrigue was set on foot to get rid of him; and he soon found that the most solemn oaths of loyalty and good faith were fast giving way to that curse of the human race—gold; consequently he beat a retreat, and took refuge in the province of St. Juan, the governor being his compadre, and who received him with open arms, deplored his misfortunes, cursed the tyranny of Rosas, and swore by all the saints in the calendar to protect him from injury. For a time they lived like brothers. Some months had now elapsed, and Cullen felt himself secure: but during this apparent safety a secret correspondence was going on, and reward for the life of Cullen was offered, but rejected; a second was made, with more inducements, and again rejected: a third, but still the blood-money was not enough. At last a *carte blanche* came, was filled up by the worthy Governor of St. Juan, and accepted by Rosas. All this while poor Cullen was living, as he thought, in the most perfect security, without the slightest suspicion of what was going on.

One morning, while himself and compadre were sitting at breakfast, an officer entered, and having delivered a paper to the governor, retired. Shortly after, the breakfast being finished, Cullen rose to go to his room to dress, but was stopped by four soldiers who were waiting outside the door; he was then informed by his affectionate compadre that he was a prisoner; irons were put on his legs, and he was conducted to prison, but in less than an hour he was brought out and shot!!

By such means does this modern Macbeth maintain his power and despatch his enemies; his policy is founded on the Turkish system; he trusts no one, though he pretends to place confidence in certain persons, over whom he places spies; and over those there are a second set to watch them, and a third set to watch the second. Besides this, there is a club formed called the Mashovea, a sort of inquisition, inasmuch as the method of carrying their plans into effect are summary and secret; it formerly consisted of more than 500 members, who are sworn (under penalty of death) to do all that is

required of them, even to the destruction of their own families; fortunately for humanity the whole of the system of this diabolical club has been exposed by a number of its own members, who, horror-struck at the deeds they were called to perpetrate, fled the country.

So much for the public character of this god of the southern hemisphere, in 34 degrees south latitude. And as it has been my fate, from particular circumstances, to see him continually in private, I will give you a sketch which, when engraved on the other, will, I trust, enable you fully to form a correct judgment of his actual character and disposition. He is an athletic and powerful man, about 5 feet 8 inches high, florid complexion, and good features; the forehead indicates natural talent from its size and shape; something of a Roman nose, but rather too straight; lips thin and compressed, with the chin à la Wellington; a small grey eye, with a sinister expression of distrust.

As regards his manners, they are in a measure dependent on his humour, but otherwise he is a perfect actor, and can suit himself to his purpose. I have seen him play the part of an affable agreeable gentleman in such a manner as totally to deceive a superficial observer, or even those who have not seen him but in a certain circle where appearances are necessary. His natural habits are coarse, his conversation gross and indecent, in fact, whenever he attempts to be jocular, he is filthy; more than once at his own table, before half-a-dozen females, his own daughter included, I have heard him make remarks and use language that has called the blood into my face, and which I feel ashamed to transmit to paper. However, it is easily accounted for; his education has been such as South America afforded 40 years ago; in short, with the exception of the little reading he picked up from one, and writing from another, the camp was his school, Indians and Gauchos his companions, and all the low cunning of the one, and coarse vulgarity of the other, is to be clearly traced in his manners; and yet this is the person chosen as superior to all his countrymen, and the only one capable of governing!! What an intellectual country! prodigious!! I hear you exclaim.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, after having been announced for performance on the Saturday preceding, and postponed on account of the sudden indisposition of Madame Grisi, was performed for the first time on Tuesday last. The part of Gennaro was given to Moriani, and we thus had the pleasure of hearing him in another fine part. The opera, as every one knows, is not remarkably pleasing or interesting, either as regards the music or the plot. There is much scope, however, for deep tragic singing; and nothing could be finer than Grisi's performance of the violent and evil-passioned *Lucrezia*. Certainly no dramatic singer of the day equals her in characters of the kind, and on this occasion she paid great attention to the part. Moriani also possesses the gift of tragic expression in singing in a very remarkable manner. The quality of his tone is not so sweet and charming as that of Mario's voice; but it rivets the attention by its plaintiveness and intensity of feeling. Lablache exhibits his great talent in the part of the Duke Alfonso. The solo, "Mai per codesti," so expressive of haughty rage, he sang admirably, and was encored. The trio in the poisoning scene was beautifully sung, and vociferously

enced. We must not forget to praise Brambilla, who always sings with excellent expression, and to-night won a hearty encore for her bacchanalian song, "Il segreto per esser felice." The ballet of *Esmeralda* ended the performance.

The Brussels Opera.—Our English opera-companies may take an excellent example from the admirable performance of the French company at Covent Garden. Though not professing to be the greatest company of the Continent, they are certainly of no mean merit, and most richly deserve encouragement both for their spirited enterprise and the very unassuming way in which their appearance here has been given. The great merit of their performance consists in its general goodness, rather than in individual excellence; for the leading singers are scarcely beyond the average. Madame Laborde sings exceedingly well and with great elegance of manner; but as a vocalist, as far as her performance has gone, is not superior to many. She has, however, been well schooled—her method is correct and good—the sustained and gliding effects of her singing are very pleasing and artistic. Monsieur Laborde possesses a small but pleasing tenor, with a high range of chest-tones though wanting power; he would do well to study a more natural style than that of Duprez. The chorus and band are very nearly perfect; as regards time, quite so; in tone the chorus are rather coarse, but in expression, and light and shade, excellent; and when required, they throw the most exciting and energetic feeling into the music, singing with a brilliancy and gusto quite unknown to English choruses. The band accompany with great taste and judgment, and though not numerous, are very effective. As regards the operas, *Guillaume Tell* is well known; Auber's *Diamonds de la Couronne* is a clever and brilliant work, but as a very pleasing opera, should be allowed to escape severe criticism. On Wednesday we had a taste of M. Halevy in *Guido et Ginevra*, the music of which is remarkably weak and uninteresting. *Guillaume Tell*, on Thursday, was really a rich treat; Madama and Monsieur Laborde, and Quillevet, and Zelger, deserved the highest praise, and were justly applauded to the echo.

Haymarket.—*The King and I* holds on its prosperous course, and is truly a good farce, and a merry addition to the dramas of late so successfully brought forward at this well-managed theatre. Buckstone is the hero, and unique in his way.

Lyceum.—A new piece by the writer of *Kissinger*, and called *Friends at Court*, has been performed here all the week with perfect success. It is very lively and pleasant, without much variety of incident; and is carried through by the admirable acting of Mrs. Keeley, ably supported by Miss Villars, Miss Farebrother, F. Vining, Wigan, and others.

VARIETIES.

The Arctic Expedition.—The Rattler steam-vessel, Commander H. Smith, returned to Woolwich on Tuesday afternoon, having left the Erebus and the Terror off the islands of Barra and Rona on the 4th, to the westward of Cape Wrath. The officers and crews were all well and in high spirits. Several of the oxen had died on board of the Barretto Junior transport-ship, which was to accompany the expedition-vessels to the borders of the ice. [The above has appeared in the newspapers. We have ourselves seen letters from Sir J. Franklin and Capt. Crozier, dated June 3d, 25 miles west of the Orkneys, which are most satisfactory in

every respect. The transport, which will leave them early in July, will bring the latest accounts by about the end of that month.]

British Association.—In addition to the names of distinguished foreigners stated in the *Literary Gazette* a fortnight ago, the following are mentioned in the *Cambridge Chronicle* as being expected there:—M. Ermann, of Berlin; Von Buch, of Berlin; M. Dumas, of Paris; Baron Von Orlich; Count Strzelecki; Count Senftenberg. The magnetic discussions promise to be very interesting, as we understand a considerable difference of opinion exists as to the true manner of working out the phenomena.

The British Institution.—The private view takes place to-day; and on Monday the splendid selection of works by ancient masters, together with a room devoted to Sir A. W. Callcott and other deceased British artists, will be open to the world at large. It is a most interesting exhibition.

The New Comet.—announced by Sir James South as having been seen by Mr. Jeays, of Chelsea, at a few minutes after 11 o'clock on the 8th, and afterwards examined by himself at 31 min. after 11, when its approximate right ascension was about 5 hours 18 min., and its north declination about 15 deg. 21 sec., was observed several hours earlier by an individual at Bow, in Essex, and mentioned to several persons there as being like a comet, only with its tail the wrong way.* On Tuesday M. Arago stated to the Academy of Sciences that M. Fage had discovered the brilliant stranger on the 2d instant, but gave no particulars. Since then it has travelled at an immense rate from the star Capella, where first found. It now rises in the east, and, after the moon has gone down, that is about midnight, may be distinctly seen with the naked eye, nearly due north, about 20 degrees north-east of Capella, and will probably be visible all next week. —We had written thus far, when we read a letter by Mr. Hind, of Mr. Bishop's observatory in Regent's Park, who says:—"I have calculated the elements of the present comet from observations on June 9, 10, and 11: the following is the orbit resulting from a first approximation:—

Time of perihelion passage, 1845, June 5, at 21h. 13m. 11s., Greenwich mean astronomical time, or 9h. 13m. 11s. a.m. on June 6, civil reckoning.

Long. of the perihelion 260° 36' 57" True Equinox,

Ascending node 336° 28' 47" June 10.

Inclination of orbit 48° 10' 20"

Log. perihelion distance 9-6062690

Motion retrograde.

These elements have some slight resemblance to those of a comet observed in 1596, and computed by Halley. On Monday evening, while examining the comet with Mr. Bishop's large refractor, I noticed a dark line which appeared to divide the tail into two streams of light, the preceding tail being about 2½ degrees in length, and well defined, while the other was not more than half that length, and not seen so easily. The nucleus is perhaps 30 seconds of space in diameter, and to the naked eye, last evening, appeared as a star of the fourth magnitude. The prevalence of moonlight during the next week will probably render the comet too faint to be seen without a telescope, but a very ordinary instrument will shew it in the constellations Auriga and Lynx."

Treatment of the Insane.—Lord Ashley has brought into Parliament a measure to secure the better treatment of the insane in England and Wales; and, from our own examination of many asylums, private as well as public, we can

* The tail apparently precedes the comet in its march, which is a rare phenomenon.—*Ed. Z. G.*

bear testimony to the fact, that there is no stronger necessity for humane interference throughout the whole empire than in the case of these most unfortunate beings.

Hydrophobia.—A Mr. E. O'Reilly has addressed a letter to the *Times*, in which he pledges himself that a family named M'Gauran, near Swanlinbar, Ireland, has been for centuries in possession of an effectual cure for hydrophobia, applicable to cattle as well as to the human species. He states, in proof, that no death in consequence of this terrible malady has occurred in the counties of Cavan, Leitrim, and Fermanagh.

A Correspondent at Agra informs us, that the local committee of education there has in contemplation to establish a museum of economic geology, in connexion with the college, for the instruction of the alumni in that branch of science, and further, that there is a public appeal made to all interested in native education to lend a helping hand. Our correspondent has subjoined the following extract from a circular issued on the occasion:—"Specimens of metallic ores and minerals suspected to contain metals, as also specimens of coal, and hand specimens of rocket used or suitable for building or other economic purposes, together with short descriptions of the same, are more particularly desirable at the outset, and any of which will be thankfully received by the authorities of the college."—*The Englishman*, April 14.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Moore's Biography of Sydney Smith.—With the entire approbation and concurrence of the family of the late Rev. Sydney Smith, Mr. Thomas Moore is about to undertake his biography. We would suggest to those who may have any interesting letters of Mr. Smith's, to communicate them to Mr. Moore.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Priests, Women, and Families, by J. Michelet, translated from the French by C. Cocks, post 8vo, 9s.—Historical History of the Irish Nation, by the late M. O'Conor, 8vo, 9s.—Sir Edward Thomason's Memoirs during Half a Century, 2 vols. 8vo, 2s. 6d.—History of Ceylon, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, by W. Knighton, post 8vo, 9s.—Dante, translated by J. C. Wright, 3 vols. fcp., 1s. 6d.—Examples in Pure and Mixed Mathematics, by A. Wrigley and W. H. Johnstone, 8vo, 8s. 6d.—Analysis of Musical Composition, by C. Dawson, 12mo, 4s.—The Triumph of the German Becker, by Rev. F. Metcalfe, post 8vo, 12s.—The White Slave, or the Russian Peasant-Girl, by Mrs. Ponsonby, 3 vols. post 8vo, 11. 11s. 6d.—School Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, by Dr. Smith, square 12mo, 10s. 6d.—Law of Bankruptcy, Insolvency, &c., by J. H. Burton, 2 parts, 8vo, 34s.—The Apostolic Christians, or Catholic Church of Germany, edited by H. Smith, with Preface by Rev. W. Goodfellow, fcp., 3s. 6d.—Consolations for Christian Mourners: Discourses, by J. Thomson, D.D., 12mo, 5s.—Immanuel: Lectures, by R. Grace, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Satans, by J. F. Cooper, 3 vols. post 8vo, 11. 11s. 6d.—The Doctrine of the Atonement, by J. A. Haldane, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Manual for Instruction of Young Children, by S. Wilderspin and F. J. Terrington, 8vo, 4s.—Burton's Lectures on Ecclesiastical History of First Three Centuries, 3d edit., 1 vol. 8vo, 15s.—Thoughts on the Six Days of Creation, by J. W. Bowden, 2s. 6d.—Specimens of Ancient Church Plate, &c., 4to, 23s.—Gregory's Outlines of Chemistry, Part II., 12mo, 7s.; complete in 1 vol. 12s.—Edmund Spenser's Works, by Rev. H. J. Todd, medium 8vo, 16s.—Dr. R. S. Candlish on the Completeness and Extent of the Atonement, fcp., 2s. 6d.—Shaw's Exposition of the Westminster Confession of Faith, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Systems of Atmospheric Railways, by W. Jones, 18mo, 3s. 6d.—Dream of Lilliby: Tales and Poems, by H. Morley, fcp., 7s. 6d.—Denison's Cricketer's Companion, 1845, fcp., 2s. 6s.—Kohl's Travels in England and Wales, translated by Roseoe, fcp., 2s. 6d.—Going to Maynooth, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—Ireland and her Church, by the Very Rev. R. Murray, D.D., Dean of Ardagh, 2d edit., 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Palaeographia Sacra Pictoria, 50 plates, by J. O. Westwood, 4to, 4s. 10s.—Dr. T. Arden's Miscellaneous Works, 8vo, 12s.—Journal of a Visitation Tour 1843-44, by the Lord Bishop of Madras, fcp. 8vo, 6s. 6d.—Chavenage, a Tale on the Cotswolds, by the Rev. R. W. Huntley, post 8vo, 5s.

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THE NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—THE ELEVENTH Annual Exhibition is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, FIFTY-THREE PAUL MALL. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

THOM'S POEMS.

In a few days, Second Edition, with Additions, 12mo, price 5s.; also preparing for publication, a new edition, 8vo, fine paper, 30s., illustrated with plates.

RHYMES and RECOLLECTIONS of a HAND-LOOM WEAVER.

By WILLIAM THOM, of Inverary, Ayrshire. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill, London.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.—ADVERTISEMENTS for the forthcoming Number must be forwarded to the Publisher by the 21st, and BILLS for insertion by the 24th inst.

John Murray, Albemarle Street.

EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CLXV.—ADVERTISEMENTS for insertion in No. 165 of The Edinburgh Review are requested to be sent to the Publishers by Monday, the 23d instant; and BILLS for insertion by Wednesday, the 25th.

30 Paternoster Row, June 14, 1845.

On Monday next, second edition, with 60 additional pages, price 10s. 6d.

THE BOKHARA VICTIMS. By Captain GROVER, F.R.S. Dedicated to the Queen. Chapman and Hall, 186 Strand.

The Author of "Whitefriars" New Work.

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WHITEHALL, an Historical Romance of the Days of Charles the First, by the Author of "Whitefriars," will be published immediately by Mr. Mortimer, of Adelaide Street.

* Orders received by all Booksellers and Libraries.

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In 1 vol. 12mo, price 5s. 6d.

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